FOURTH THOUSAND.

Blair 363

THE

CELTIC LYRE:

A COLLECTION OF

GAELIC SONGS, WITH ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS.

By FIONN.

PART I.—PRICE SIXPENCE.

MUSIC IN BOTH NOTATIONS.

EDINBURGH:
MACLACHLAN & STEWART.
GLASGOW: PORTEOUS BROTHERS AND W. LOVE, ARGYLE STREET.
OBAN: DUNCAN CAMERON.

1888

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Am fleasgach donn—The brown-haired lad.
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30 MAY
1958

PREFACE.

IN issuing the CELTIC LYRE, I have been actuated by a desire to place in the hands of my fellow-countrymen a choice selection of their songs and melodies. The peculiarities of Gaelic rhyme have rendered it impossible to give translations in all cases, but the English words supplied will be found to be in sympathy with the spirit of the original, and may be of service to those who are unable to sing the Gaelic words. To such as would wish that the melodies had been arranged for the pianoforte, I may state that a simple pedal bass, which any player can supply, is the most effective accompaniment to our sweet Highland airs, for they

> "Need not the aid of foreign ornament,
> But are, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most."

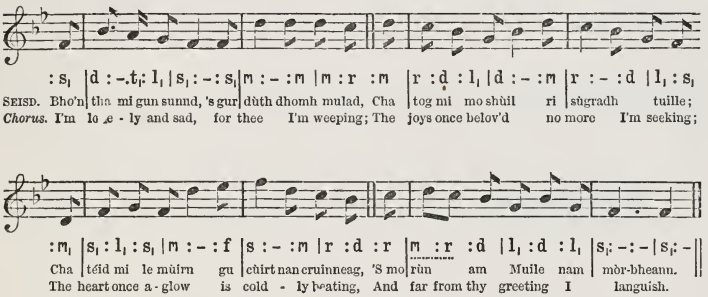
I have to thank those who have permitted me to make use of their translations in this work.

FIONN.

THE CELTIC LYRE.

1.—MUILE NAM MOR-BHEANN—MULL OF THE BENS.

KEY B♭.—*Moderate, with feeling.*



Am Muile nan craobh tha 'mhaighdean bhanail,
D' an tug mi mo ghaol 's mi faoin 'am bharail;
'S ma chaidh e fo sgaoil 's nach faod mi 'faighinn
Cha taobh mi caileagan Chòmhail.

Do shlios mar an fhaoilean, taobh na mara,
Do ghruaidh mar an caorann, sgaoilt' air mheangan;
Sùil ghorm a's glan aoidh, fo chaoin-rosg tana—
'S tu 'n òigh a mhealladh gach òigear.

Tha smuaine no dhà an dràsd air m' aire;
Cha 'n innis mi 'chàch ceann-fàth mo ghalair;
Ged laidheas mi tràth, cha tàmh dhomh cadal,
'S do ghràdh ga m' sgaradh an còmhnuidh.

Do chùl mar an lion 'n a mhìle camag,
Nach greannach fo chìr 'us slod' ga cheangal;
Do dhéud mar na dìsnean, dìonach, daingean;
Béul binn a ghabhail nan òran.

In Mull of the Bens there dwells my treasure,
The maiden I loved beyond all measure;
If she wont be mine, then farewell pleasure,
I'll pine in sorrow and anguish.

Thy breast with the sea-gull vies in whiteness;
Thy lips are like rowans, red with ripeness;
Thine eyes are like jewels, full of brightness,—
Thy heart is as light as a fairy's.

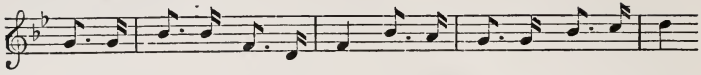
This maiden of mine is tall and slender,
With musical voice so sweet and tender;
Her beauty and grace I'll ere remember—
May Heaven defend her from danger.

So far from my dear, I'm sad and weary;
Alone must I pine! my thoughts are dreary;
One smile from that maid would raise and cheer me;
O, would I were near thee, my fairest!

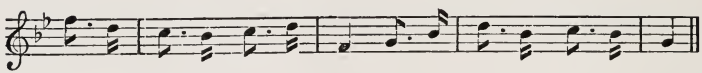
This song, which will be found complete in several collections of Gaelic poetry, is the composition of DUNCAN LIVINGSTONE, Crogan, Mull *(Donnachadh nam blàr)*.

2.—'GHRUAGACH DHONN—BROWN-HAIRED NYMPH.

KEY B♭.—*With spirit.*



: l, .,l, | d .,d : s, .,m, | s, : d .,t, | l, .,l, : d .,r | m
'Ghruagach | dhonn a' bhroilich | bhàin, 'Chum do | chòdhail rium Di - | màirt,
Lovely nymph with face so fair, Bosom white and waving hair,



: s .,m | r .,d : r .,m | s, : l, .,d | m .,d : r .,d | l,
'Ghruagach | dhonn a' bhroilich | bhàin, Gu ma | slàn a chì mi | thu.
Brown-haired nymph so kind and fair, Joy for e'er; I pray for thee.

'Ghruagach dhonn gun ghò, gun fhoill,
Chum a' choinneamh rium an raoir,
Bha mi còmhradh riut 's a' choill,
Sinn an caoimhneas diomhaireach.
'Ghruagach dhonn, &c.

Rinn mi coinneamh riut glé òg,
Ann an coille dhlùth nan cnò,
Bhithinn 'g éisdeachd ri do cheòl,
'S bha do phòg mar fhìgis leam.
'Ghruagach dhonn, &c.

Gu'n robh ise fallain, slàn,
Chum a' chòdhail rium Di-màirt,
Iarguin m' aigne 's m' airsneul phràmh,
'S mo chion-gràidh da-rìreadh thu.
'Ghruagach dhonn, &c.

Brown-haired nymph, so kind and free,
Yestereve I roamed with thee
Through the bonnie woods, where we
Used to be so gay, my dear.
Lovely nymph, &c.

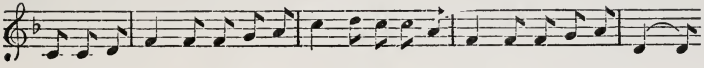
Young were we when first we strayed
Through the pleasant wooded glade,
Where, beneath the hazel shade,
My dear maid so gaily sang.
Lovely nymph, &c.

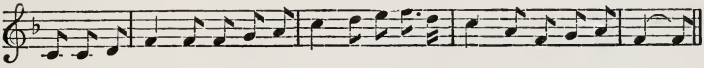
Sweet as music in my ear
Was thy voice so low and clear;
Brown-haired maid, I loved thee, dear,
And my tears betray my love.
Lovely nymph, &c.

This Song will be found complete in the "ORANAICHE."

8.—A' CHRUINNEAG ILEACH—THE ISLAY MAIDEN.

KEY F.—*Moderato, with expression.*





Moch 's a'mhaduinn an àm dhomh dùsgadh
Shil mo shùilean 'us dh'fhàs mi brònach,
Mu'n sgeul a chualas air feadh an t-saoghail
Thu bhi ga d' ghlaodhaich, a ghaoil, Di-dòmhnuich.

'N uair bhios càch na'n cadal suaimhneach,
Bidh mise smuainteachadh ort an còmhnuidh,
Mar bhios an eala an déigh a bualadh;
'S e gaol na gruagaich a rinn mo leònadh.

Tha do shùilean mar na dearcan,
Tha do chneas mar chanach mòintich,
Do dhà ghruaidh cho dearg 's an caorann,
'S do mhala chaol mar ite 'n lòn-duibh.

Thug mi ùigh dhuit 'us chuir mi dùil annad,
Ged nach dùirichdeadh tu mo phòsadh;
Thug thu'n sliabh ort, 's cha b'fhiach leat m' fhoighneachd
'S ri fear gun chaoimhneas gu'n rinn thu còrdadh.

This doleful morning, how sad the waking!
My eyes with tear-drops fast running over,
For old love leaving, and old vows breaking,—
Thy banns are called with that other lover.

When sleeping sweetly the rest are lying.
Wild dreams of anguish my mind is weaving;
I'm like the swan that drops wounded,—dying:
My love exhausts me with bitter grieving.

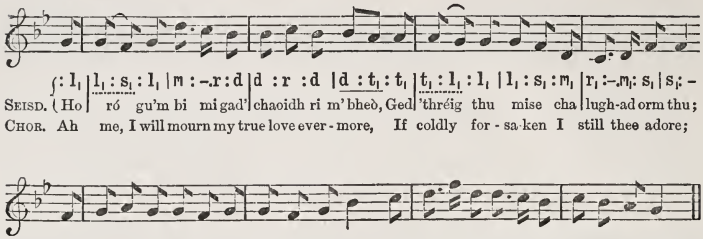
Alas! thy kind eye, so brightly shining;
Thy neck so comely, like canach blowing;
Those ebon eyebrows thy forehead lining;
Thy cheeks like berries or rowans glowing.

Since thou hast left me, and without warning,
Alas! and taken a man for gold!
Had I been by thee, false wisdom scorning,
Thyself, my dear one, thou hadst not sold.

Gaelic words old. Translation by the late THOMAS PATTISON, author of "GAELIC BARDS."

4.—BIDH MI GA D' CHAOIDH—I'LL SORROW FOR THEE.

KEY B♭.—*Moderato, beating twice in the measure.*



Thoir an t-soraidh, ceud soraidh, thoir an t-soraidh so uam,
A nunn thun nam porta thar osnaich a' chuain,
Far an d' fhàg mi mo leannan, caol-mhala gun ghruaim, [bhuain.
'S gur cùbhraidh' leam d' anail na 'n caineal 'ga

'S 'n uair rànig mi 'n cladach bha m' aigne fo phràmh
A' cumha na maighdinn is caoimhneile gràdh.
'S 'n uair ghabh mi mo chead di air feasgar Di-màirt
Gu 'n deach mi 'n tigh-òsda a dh-òl a deoch-slàint'.

'S e so an treas turas dhomh féin a bhi falbh,
A dh' ionnsaidh na luinge le sgiobair gun chearb,
Le còmhlan math ghillean nach tilleadh roimh stoirm;
'S na 'm biodh agam botal gu 'n cosdinn sud oirbh!

Ged thóid mi gu danns', cha bhi sannt agam dha,
Cha 'n fhaic mi té ann a ni samhladh do m' ghràdh;
'N uair dhìreas mi 'n gleann, bidh mi sealltainn an àird, [tàmh.
Ri dùthaich nan beann, 's a bheil m' annsachd a'

Bheir i bàrr air na ceudan an té 'tha mi 'sealg,
I'n gnùis mar an reul a bheir leus fad' air falbh,
Mar ròs air a' mheangan, tha 'n ainnir 'n a dealbh,
'S ged sgàineadh mo chridhe, cha 'n innis mi 'h-ainm.

Far over the ocean between us that lies,
O, bear ye my greetings to her that I prize;
Her neatly-arch'd eye-brows, unshaded with gloom,
And breath in its fragrance like roses in bloom.

When lately we parted, how sad the farewell,
Our words were but few, but our thoughts who can tell?
When lost to my vision, afar on the brine,
I drank thee success in a goblet of wine.

Three times have I cross'd to the ship, as she lay
Becalmed on the breast of the silvery bay;
My crew are the bravest that handle an oar,
Unawed by the tempest they laugh at its roar.

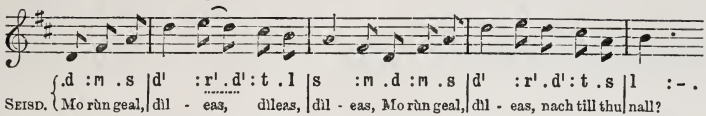
No ball-room can tempt me or raise my despair;
There is none in the dance that with thee could compare;
When climbing the mountains I gaze o'er the tide,
To the land where my fair one has gone to reside.

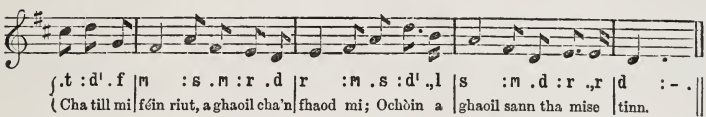
In beauty there's none with this maiden can vie;
She's bright as the stars in the blue-vaulted sky;
She's fair as the lily and sweet as the rose,
And nothing can tempt me her name to disclose.

Gaelic words by the late Dr. MAC LACHLAN, Rahoy. Translation by HENRY WHYTE, Glasgow.

5.—MO RUN GEAL, DILEAS—MY FAITHFUL FAIR ONE.

KEY D.—*Moderato, with expression.*





Is truagh nach robh mi an riochd na faoilinn
A shnàmhadh aotrom air bhàrr nan tonn;
'Us bheirinn sgrìobag do 'n eilean Ileach,
Far bheil an ribhinn dh' fhàg m' inntinn trom.

Is truagh nach robh mi 's mo rogha céile,
Air mullach shléibhte nam beanntan mòr,
'S gun bhi ga 'r n-éisdeachd ach eòin na speura,
'S gu'n tugainn fhéin di na ceudan pòg!

Thug mi còrr agus naoi miosan,
Anns na h-Innsean a b' fhaide thall;
'S bean bòidh'chead d' aodainn cha robh ri fhaotainn
'S ged gheobhainn saoghal cha'n fhanainn ann.

Thug mi mios ann am fiabhrus claoidhte,
Gun dùil rium oidhche gu'm bithinn beò;
B'e fàth mo smaointean a là 's a dh-oidhche,
Gu 'm faighinn faochadh 'us tu bhi 'm chòir.

Cha bhi mi 'strìth ris a' chraoibh nach lùb leam,
Ged chinneadh ùbhlan air bhàrr gach géig;
Mo shoraidh slàn leat ma rinn thu m' fhàgail,
Cha 'd thainig tràigh gun mh air-làn 'n a déigh.

O could I be love in form of sea-gull,
That sails so freely upon the sea,
I'd visit Islay, for there abiding
Is that sweet kind one I pine to see.

O could we wander where streams meander,
I'd ask no grandeur from foreign clime;
Where birds would cheer us and none would hear us,
I'd kiss my dear one and call her mine.

In foreign regions I lived a season,
And none could see there with thee to vie;
Thy form so slender, thy words so tender,
I will remember until I die.

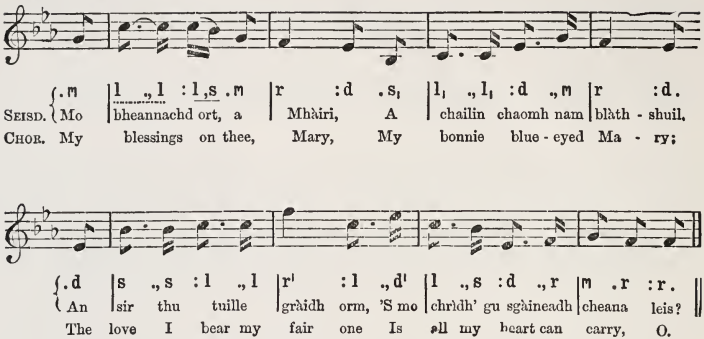
In fevered anguish, when left to languish,
No human language my thoughts could tell,
I thought, my dearie, if thou wert near me
To soothe and cheer me, I'd soon be well.

I wont contend with a tree that bends not,
Though on its tendrils rich fruit should grow;
If thou forsake me I wont upbraid thee,—
The greatest ebb tide brings fullest flow.

Gaelic words by MAC LEAN, Torlosk, Mull. Translation by HENRY WHYTE, Glasgow

6.—MO BHEANNACHD ORT, A MHAIRI—MY BLESSINGS ON THEE, MARY

KEY E♭.—*Moderato.*



C 'arson, a bhàrda 's suain duibh?
Ciod air 'tha chlàr a' bruadar?
'S a liuthad mais' 'us buaidh 'tha
  Gun ghuth orr', fuaight' ri m' leannan-sa.

Mar ghrian-ghath air uchd fairge,
Mar eal' air broilleach balbh-shruth,
Mar lilidh bheag nan tolman
  Tha gilead dealbh na cailin ud.

Ged tha 'falt buidhe 'seòladh
M' a slinnein sneachd, mar òr-neul
Air gnùis grian-fheasgair òg-mhios,
  Gur fada spòrs o'n ainnir ghrinn.

'S ged tha na mìlte 'g aoradh dhi,
Cha toir gin uam fhéin i;—
Bidh bàrr aig aingle 'n naomhachd,
  Ach buidhnidh 'n ceutachd Mali orr

Why doth each minstrel slumber?
What can each harp encumber?
When of the sweetest numbers
  Sae worthy is my Mary, O!

Like sunbeam on the ocean,
Like swan on Shira's bosom,
Like April's brightest blossom,
  Sae bright is sure my Mary, O!

Wi' wavin' locks sae gowan
Her snowy neck surroundin',
There's naething vain or proud in
  The heart o' smiling Mary, O!

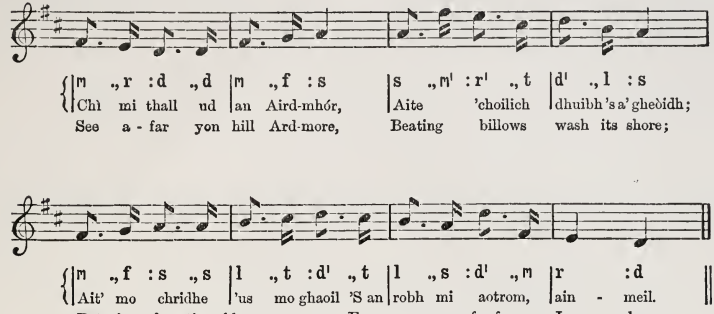
Wi' thousands to adore her
She loves me only surer;—
An angel may be purer,
  But not mair sweet than Mary, O!

Celic words and translation by EVAN MAC COLL, the Lochfine Bard.

The air is usually called "*Nighean donn an t-sìgraidh.*"

7.—MOLADH NA LANDAIDH—THE PRAISE OF ISLAY.

KEY D.—*Moderato, with expression.*



SEISD.—Hó ro Eileinich, ho gù
Hó, i rithill, hó i thù
Hó ro Eileinich, ho gù
Gu bheil mo rùn 's an Landaidh.

Ged 'tha 'n Landaidh creagach, ciar,
'S moch a dh'éireas oirre 'ghrian;
Inuis nam bà-laoigh 's nam fiadh,
'S gu 'm b'e mo mhiann 'bhi thall ann.

'S 'n uair a dh' éirinn moch 's an àird
Bheirinn sgriob do cheann an t-sàil'—
Bhiodh na lachan air an t-snàmh,
'S cha b'fhada 'm bàs o m' laimh-sa.

'S tric a leag mi air a' bhruaich
Earba ghlas a' mhuineil ruaidh;
Bhiodh an liath-chearc leam a nuas
'Us coileach ruadh an drarndain.

O! mo ghaol air Ile 'n fheòir,
Far an d' fhuair mi m' àrach òg;
Far am bheil na h-uaislean còir,
Bu toil leò ceòl 'us dannsadh!

CHORUS.—O, my Island! O, my Isle!
O, my dear, my native soil!
Nought from thee my heart can wile
That's wed with love to Islay.

Though its shore is rocky, drear,
Early doth the sun appear
On leafy brake and fallow deer,
And flocks and herds in Islay.

Eagles rise on soaring wing,
Herons watch the gushing spring;
Heath-cocks, with their whirring, bring
Their own delight to Islay.

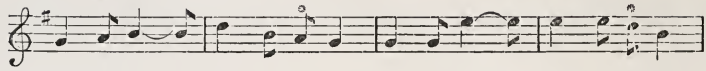
Birken branches there are gay,
Hawthorns wave their silvered spray;
Every bough the breezes sway,
Awakens joy in Islay.

Mavis sings on hazy bough,
Linnets haunt the glen below;
O, may long their wild notes flow
With melodies in Islay.

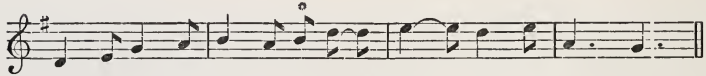
Gaelic words old. English words by the late THOMAS PATTISON, author of "GAELIC BARDS."

8.—THA MO RUN AIR A' GHILLE—I DEARLY LO'E THE LADDIE.

KEY G. *With feeling, beating twice in the measure.*



SEISD. | d : — : r | m : — : m | s : — : m | r : d : — | d : — : d | l : — : l | l : — : l | s : m : —
Tha mo rùn air a' ghille, 'Se mo dhùr - achd gu'n tig thu.
CHOR. O, I dearly lo'e the laddie, For he wears the Highland plaidie;



| s_1 : — : l_1 | d : — : r | m : — : r | m : s : s | l : — : l | s : — : l | r : — : — | d : — : — |
'Smi gu'n siùbhladh leat am fireach, Fo shil - eadh nam fuar - bheann.
I would gladly be his lady If he'd on - ly choose me.

Oidhche shamhraidh dhomh 's mi'm ònar,
Na'm b' urrainn domh gu'n deanainn òran,
'S truagh a rìgh nach robh mi pòsd'
Air òigear a' chùil dualaich!

O, gur e mo chcist an t-òigear,
Fear chùil duinn 's an leadain bhòidhich;
'S mi gu'n siùbhladh leat thar m' eòlais,
Ged 'tha 'n còta ruadh ort.

Ged 'tha blàth na bric' ad aodann,
Cha do lughdaich sud mo ghaol ort;
'S mi gu'n siùbhladh leat an saogh'l,
Na'n saoilinn do bhuanachd.

Tha an Nolluig 'tigh'n as ùr oirnn'
Ged a tha gur beag mo shùrd rith';
'M fear nach fagadh anns a' chùil mi,
Air chùl nan tonn uaine!

'S beag a shaoil mi fhéin an uiridh,
Gu'n tréigeadh tu mi cho buileach;
Mar gu'n tilgeadh craobh a duilleach,
Dh' fhàs thu umam suarach.

All alone, I'm sad and weary,
Night and day my thoughts are eerie;
O, the hours are long and dreary!
While for thee I languish.

Would'st thou know my heart's devotion?
Fearless, I could cross the ocean,
Though 'twere tossed in wild commotion,
If my love were near me.

From love's dream, how sad the waking,
Why art thou me now forsaking?
O, return, my heart is breaking
With the love I bear thee!

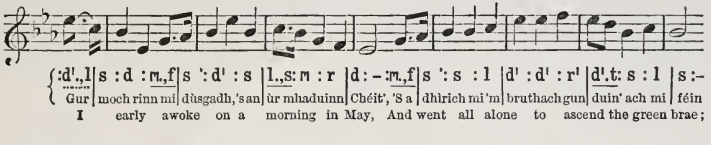
Health and strength are quickly failing,
Broken-hearted, I am wailing,
But my love afar is sailing,
And he does not hear me.

Oft indeed I proved thee clearly,
That I loved thee most sincerely,
But as trees their leaves cast yearly,
Thou hast me forsaken.

This song will be found complete in the "ORANAICHE." Owing to certain irregularities in the rhythm, the notes marked * will require to be lengthened when singing the verses.

9.—GUR MOCH RINN MI DUSGADH—I EARLY AWOKE.

KEY E♭.—*Slowly, with expression.*



A' dìreadh an aonaich ri aodan a' chùirn,
'S binn torman a' chaochain a's aoidheala bùrn,
Le 'ròis air gach taobh dheth ag aomadh fo 'n drùchd,
'S e ri deàrrsadh na gréine ag éiridh 'n a smùid.

'S binn na h-eòin feadh nam preasan gu leadarra
Tha 'n uiseag làn sòlais ri ceòl os mo chionn; ['seinn;
Na ba laoigh anns a' gheumnaich air an réithlein ud thall,
'S mac-talla nan creagan 'g am freagairt air ball.

'S àluinn trusgan a' ghlinne suas gu binnein nan stùchd; [mar thùis;
'S cùbhraidh boltrach nan luibhean 'n am chuinnein
Ged 's bòidheach gach doire anns a' choillidh 's a' bhrùchd,
Ged tha 'm barrach cho ùrail cha dùisg e mo shunnd.

'An so air faobhar a' mhullaich gur muladach mi,—
Ceann-aobhair mo thuiridh leam gur duilich r' a lnns';
Nach dìrich mi tuilleadh ri munadh 's an tìr—
Nach dean mi cùis-ghàire 'n gleann àillidh mo chrìdh'.

Cha'n 'eil gleannan cho aoidheil ri 'fhaotainn mu-n cuairt,
Le d' bheanntainean àrda 'cuir sgàth ort o'n Tuath;
Ann an dùdlachd a' gheamhraidh gun ghreann ort, gun fhuachd; [luath.
Mo sgaradh 's mo chràdh-lot a bhi d'fhàgail cho

Ach 's tiom dhomh bhi 'g éiridh, 's bhi téurnadh o'n àird; [éigheach dhomh stàth;
Cha dean luinneagan feum dhomh, cha dean
Feuch am bàta fo 'chùmhdach aig còmhnard na tràigh,
Tha gu m' ghiùlan null thairis á gleannan an àigh.

Bheir mi sùil thar a' bhealaich air na beanntan mu-n cuairt; [bruach;
So an sealadh mu dheireadh air gach gleannan 'us
A' fàgail leibh beannachd, 'n àm dealachadh uaibh,
A' téurnadh an aonaich 's iad mo smaointean tha truagh.

As I climb up the moor on the face of the hill,
How pleasant the murmur that comes from the rill;
The dew on the roses which border the stream,
Arises in mist on the sun's morning beam.

O sweet is the song of the birds from the glade,
The thrush sings her carol of joy o'erhead,
The cattle are lowing on yonder green plain,
And echo replies from the craggan again.

How lovely the garment of mountain and field!
How sweet is the fragrance the meadow flowers yield!—
Though beauty and gladness deck forest and lea,
And the groves team with joy, there is no joy for me.

Alone and sad-hearted I sit on the peak,
Of the cause of my sorrow I scarcely can speak—
I never may tread on the moorlands again,
Nor roam with delight on my dearly loved glen.

No valley so cheerful and fair could be found,
So cheerfully guarded by mountains around;
In winter no tempest can enter thy dell—
My sorrowful doom is to bid thee farewell.

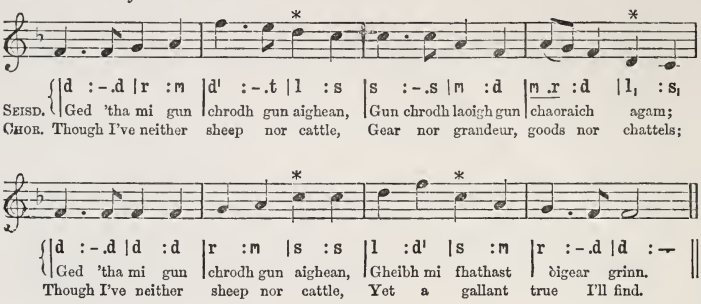
But it's time to descend from the mountain again,
No singing or sighing can banish my pain;
See, down by the shore is the boat under sail,
Which shall bear me away from the beautiful vale.

I'll gaze from this ridge on the mountains, and view
For the last time each corrie and valley I knew;
I leave you my blessing since I must depart,
I turn down the mountain, and sad is my heart.

Gaelic words by the late Dr. MAC LACHLAN, Rahoy. Translation by L. MAC BEAN.

10.—GUN CHRODH GUN AIGHEAN—THE TOCHERLESS LASS.

KEY **F**.—*Beating twice in the measure.*



Fhir a dh' imicheas thar chuantan,
Giùlain mìle beannachd uamsa
Dh' ionnsaidh dìgeir a' chuil dualaich,
Ged nach d'fhuair mi e dhomh fhéin.

Fhir a dh' imicheas am bealach,
Giùlain uamsa mìle beannachd;
'S fhaod 's tu innseadh do mo leannan,
Mi bhi 'm laidhe so leam fhéin.

'Fhleasgaich thàinig nall a Suaineart,
Bu tu fhéin an sàr dhuin'-uasal;
Gheibhinn cadal leat gun chluasaig
Air cho fuar 's g'am biodh an oidhch'.

Ged tha mi gun chrodh gun chaoraich,
Cha 'n 'eil mi gun mhaise 'm aodann;
Dh'fhithinn breacan a bhiodh caol dhuit,
'S dheanainn aodach a bhiodh grinn.

Nàile! 's mise 'tha fo mhulad,
'Us mi tàmh 's an t-seòmar mhullaich;
An leannan bh'agamsa an uiridh,
Sann tha 'n diugh rium cùl a chinn.

Nàile! 's mis' tha dubhach, déurach,
'N seòmar àrd a fuaghal léine;
Chaidh mo leannan do *Jamaica*.
'S ciod am féum dhomh 'bhi 'g a chaoidh.

Thou that sail'st across the billow,
Tell my youth, with voice so mellow,
That I'd sleep without a pillow
Were he only by my side.

Tell him of my heart's devotion,
Which is not a brief emotion;
But a love as deep as ocean,
Which is wholly fixed on him.

You may tell my Highland laddie,
Though I'm not a titled lady,
That I'll weave a tartan plaidie
For the lad whose bride I'll be.

When I hear the tempest blowing,
Then the bitter tear comes flowing;
For my heart with love is glowing
For my own love on the sea.

Sleep and slumber I am scorning,
All in silence deeply mourning;
From the twilight till the morning
Is this bosom torn with pain.

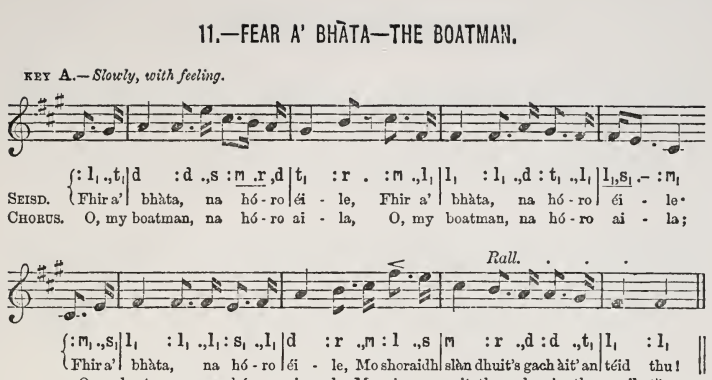
Suaineart youth, thou wert the treasure
Which I loved beyond all measure:
O, return! I'll find no pleasure
While thou art so far from me.

Authoress unknown. English words by "Fionn."

*To suit the accent, the notes marked * require to be lengthened when singing some of the verses.*

11.—FEAR A' BHÀTA—THE BOATMAN.

KEY A.—*Slowly, with feeling.*



SEISD. Fhir a' bhàta, na hó - ro éi - le, Fhir a' bhàta, na hó - ro éi - le.
CHORUS. O, my boatman, na hó - ro ai - la, O, my boatman, na hó - ro ai - la;

Fhir a' bhàta, na hó - ro éi - le, Mo shoraidh slàn dhuit's gach àit' an téid thu!
O my boatman, na hó - ro ai - la, May joy a - wait thee where'er thou sailest!

'S tric mi sealltuinn o'n chnoc a's àirde,
Dh'fheuch am faic mi fear a' bhàta;
An tig thu 'n diugh, na 'n tig thu màireach
'S mar tig thu idir, gur truagh a tà mi.

Tha mo chrìdh'-sa briste, brùite;
'S tric na deòir a' ruidh o m' shùilean;
An tig thu nochd, na 'm bi mo dhùil riut,
Na 'n dùin mi 'n dorus, le osna thùrsaich?

'S tric mi foighneachd do luchd nam bàta,
Am fac iad thu, na 'm bheil thu sàbhailt;
Ach 's ann a tha gach aon diubh 'g ràitinn,
Gur gòrach mise ma thug mi gràdh dhuit.

Gheall mo leannan domh gùn do 'n t-sioda,
Gheall e sud agus breacan rìomhach;
Fainu' òir anns am faicinn 'iomhaigh;
Ach 's eagal leam gun dean e dìchuimhn'.

Ged a thu'irt iad gun robh thu aotrom,
Cha do lughdaich sud mo ghaol ort;
Bidh tu m' aisling anns an oidhche,
'Us anns a' mhadainn bidh mi 'gad fhcighneachd.

Thug mi gaol dhut, 's cha'n fhaod mi àicheadh;
Cha ghaol bliadhna, 's cha ghaol ràidhe;
Ach gaol a thòisich 'n uair bha mi m' phàisdein,
'S nach searg a chaoidh, gus an claoidh am bàs mi.

Tha mo chàirdean gu tric ag ìnnseadh,
Gum feum mi d'aogas a leig' air dìchuimhn';
Ach tha 'n comhairle dhomh cho diamhain;
'S bhi tilleadh mara 's i tabhairt lionaidh.

Bi'dh mi tuille tùrsach, déurach,
Mar eala bhàn 's i an déighs a réubadh;
Guileag bàis aic' air lochan féurach,
'Us cach gu léir an déis a tréigeadh.

I climb the mountain and scan the ocean,
For thee, my boatman, with fond devotion:
When shall I see thee? to-day? to-morrow?
Oh! do not leave me in lonely sorrow.

Broken-hearted, I droop and languish,
And frequent tears show my bosom's anguish:
Shall I expect thee to-night to cheer me?
Or close the door, sighing, sad and weary?

From passing boatmen I'd fain discover
If they have heard of or seen my lover;
They never tell me—I'm only chided,
And told my heart has been sore misguided.

My lover promised to bring his lady
A silken gown and a tartan plaidie,
A ring of gold which would show his semblance;
But, ah! I fear me for his remembrance.

That thou'rt a rover my friends have told me,
But not the less to my heart I hold thee;
And every night in my dream I see thee,
And still at dawn will the vision flee me.

I may not hide it—my heart's devotion
Is not a season's brief emotion;
Thy love in childhood began to seize me,
And ne'er shall fade until death release me.

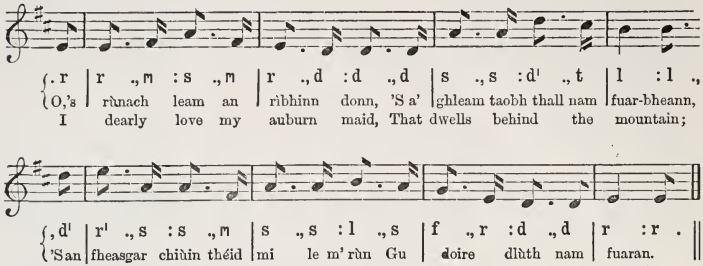
My friends oft tell me that I must sever
All thoughts of thee from my heart for ever;
Their words are idle—my passions, swelling,
Untamed as ocean, can brook no quelling.

My heart is weary with ceaseless wailing,
Like wounded swan when her strength is failing;
Her notes of anguish the lake awaken,
By all her comrades at last forsaken.

Authoress unknown. Translation by L. MACBEAN.

12.—AN RIBHINN DONN—THE AUBURN MAID.

KEY **D.**—*Lively.*



Mo sheang-choin-seilg tha 'n garbhlach fhiadh,
'S mo chridhe cian tha 'n còmhnuidh
'S a' ghleann 's an éisd mo Mhàiri ghrinn
Ri ceilear binn na smeòraich.

Tha eòin an t-sléibh air sgéith mu 'n cuairt,
'S cha dùisg iad fuaim mo làmhaich,
'Us mis' am pràmh 'an sgàth nam bruach.
'S mo smaoin mu 'n ghruagaich ghràdhaich.

'S i 's aotruim' ceum 's a's deàrsaich' sùil,
'S a gàir' tha ciùin 'us caoimhneil,
'S a guth tha dhòmhs' mar shòlas ciùil
'S mi 'falbh nan stùchd 's an oidhche.

'S e 'caoin-fhalt fainneach 's àillidh sgòimh,
'S a bràighe 's gle-gheal, bòidhche,
Fo osna 'cléibh ag éiridh sèimh,
Mar fhaoilinn bhàin air Lòchaidh.

A cridhe caomhail 's aotrom sunnd,
Mar mhang aig sùrd an réidhlean;
Ach caomh 'us tlàth mar bhlàth fo dhrìùchd,
'Am maise chiùin a' Chéitein.

Mo rìbhinn ghràidh a's àillidh sgiamh
'S tu 's araidh beus 's a's bòidhche,
'S a' mhaise dh' fhàs air gràdh nan ceud
Cha tréig thu 'n Inbhear-Lòchaidh.

Ged gheibhinn lu-chuirt, 's crùn an Rìgh,
A d'-rùnnais dhiobrainn còir orr':
'S mo bhean 's mo bhàn-righ bheirinn i
Gu tuìne 'n tìr nam mòr-bheann.

Though here, with hounds, I chase the deer,
Where streamlets bright meander,
To yonder glen, where dwells my dear,
My thoughts will ever wander.

The birds that round about me fly,
Pour forth their notes of gladness;
While here alone I sit and sigh
In sorrow and in sadness.

Her step is light, her eye is bright,
Her smile is sweet and tender;
Her voice, like music in the night,
Oft cheers me to remember.

Her hair around her shoulders flows
With graceful waving motion;
Her snow-white bosom heaving goes,
Like sea-gull on the ocean.

Her heart, though light, is ever true,
Of Nature's own adorning;
Her lips like roses, wet with dew,
Upon a Summer morning.

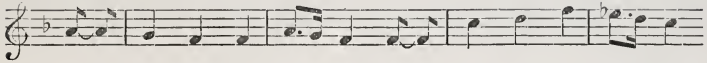
By all thy beauty is confessed,
In form thou'rt like a fairy,
Were I of all the world possessed,
I would not leave my Mary.

Though I a palace did receive,
And were with riches laden—
I'd have thee for my queen, believe,
My own sweet Auburn Maiden.

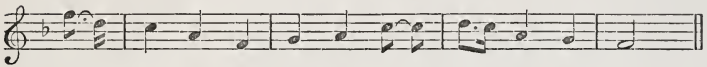
Gaelic words by Mr A. MACINTYRE. Translation by "FIONN."

13.—TUIREADH—LAMENT.

KEY F.—*Slowly, with much feeling.*



:m .m	r :d :d	m .,r :d	:d .d	s :l :d'	ta .,l :s		
Thàinig	sgeula mo	chruadail,	Gu'n do	chuir iad 's an	uaigh thu,		
When the sad	news they	told me,	That the	grave now did	hold thee,		



:d' .,l	s :m :d	r :m	:s .s	l .,s :m :r	d :—		
'Sgoirt mo	chridhe bho'n	chuala	Ged nach	d'fhuasgail mo	dheòir.		
Then my	heart wax'd so	coldly,	That my	tears would not	flow.		

Tha do leaba lom, fuaraidh;
'S trom do chodal, 's ro bhuan e;
Chaoidh cha'n éisd thu ri m' luaidh-se,
'S cha ghluais thu ri m' cheòl.

Bha do ghluasad gun eucoir,
Gun uireasbhuidh céille;
Leam bu taitneach 'bhi 'g éisdeachd
Ri séisde do bheòil.

Tha do bheul a nis dùinte;
Cha'n 'eil léirsinn 'na d' shùilibh,—
'S fuar an cridhe 'bha mùirneach,
Anns an ùir, 's e gun deò.

Mar bhuanaich am bàs thu
Seach na dìllsean 'tha làthair,
Cinnidh feanntag 's a' ghàradh
'N uair thig fàilinn 's an ròs.

Chuir thu mise gu smaointinn,
Nach innis mi 'dhaoine;
'S mairg 'chuir ùigh anns an t-saoghal,—
'S iomadh caochladh 'teachd oirnn.

Ged tha càirdean gu deurach,
'S faoin an cumha leam féin e;
'Théid gu cuirm 'us còirt éibhneis
'Giùlan éididh a' bhròin.

Ged tha m' éideadh gun mhùthadh,
'S mi gun deur air mo shùilibh,
Gus an cuir iad 's an ùir mi
Bidh mi 'd ionndrainn ri m' bheò;

Chionn bu toil leam an nìonag,
Bu ro-thoil leam an nìonag:
Mo sgeul dubhach 'g a innseadh
Thu bhi 'd shìneadh fo 'n fhòid.

Thy lone bed the sod cumbers,
Deep and lasting thy slumbers;
Thou'lt no more list my numbers,
Nor respond to my lay.

Ever faultless thy bearing.
Thy graces modest wearing;
To me 'twas rapture hearing
Whate'er thou didst say.

Closed thy lips with weird sealing,
Thy eyes no light revealing;
Thy heart, once warm with feeling,
Lies cold in the clay.

Death has seized thee with daring,
Thy boon companions sparing;
Thus grow weeds without caring,
Where the rose fades away.

Thou hast caused me strange musing
To reveal it—refusing;
Who can trust in his choosing,
When mutation holds sway?

Thy friends in garbs of sorrow,
Midst festal scenes may borrow
Relief, from grief less thorough
Than that resting on me.

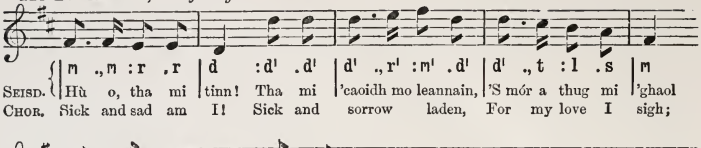
Though no badge shows my mourning,
And no tear my eye burning;
Till to dust I'm returning,
I will sorely miss thee.

Since I lov'd thee, dear maiden,
Lov'd thee fervent, dear maiden;
I'll rehearse with grief laden
That the sod covers thee.

Gaelic words by the late Dr. MACLACHLAN, Rahoy. Translation by J. MACDONALD, Glasgow

14.—ORAN MULAID—A SONG OF GRIEF.

KEY D.—*Moderato, with feeling.*



Thar gach té fo'n ghréin
Thug mi spéis do m' chailin;
Nis o'n fhuair i bàs,
'Chaoidh cha'n, fhàs mi fallain,—
Hù o, tha mi tinn!

Bha thu màlda còir,
Suairce, òrdail, banail;
Nàdur fialaidh, ciùin—
Oiteag chùbhraidh d'anail.
Hù o, tha mi tinn!

Ortsa bha gach buaidh,
Bha thu uasal dreachmhor;
B' àluinn thigeadh ceòl
A' d' bheul bòidheach, meachar.
Hù o, tha mi tinn!

Anns a' chòisir bhinn,
'N àm bhi seinn nan luinneag,
Thug thu bàrr gu léir
Air na ceuda cruinneag.
Hù o, tha mi tinn!

Chuir iad thu 's an ùir,
Socair, ciùin ad laidhe;
'S mis' cha 'n fhaic mo rùn,
Gus an dùisg mi 'n Flaitheas.
Hù o, tha mi tinn!

Bhithinn-se le m' luaidh
Taobh nam bruach 's nan gleannan,
Tha i nis 's an uaigh—
O, cha ghluais mo leannan!
Hù o, tha mi tinn!

Dhòmh-sa bha mo rùn
Mar reult-iùil mo bheatha;
Thug mi dhi mo ghràdh,
'S dh' fhalbh mo shlàinte leatha.
Hù o, tha mi tinn!

Dh' fhalbh mo leannan féin,
'S tha mi deurach, dubhach,
Tha mi 'triall na 'ceum,
Ciod am feum bhi fuireach?
Hù o, tha mi tinn!

Over every maid
Did I fondly love her;
Now she's lowly laid,
I shall ne'er recover.
Sick and sad am I!

In my love combined
Every gift that pleases—
Modest, sweet and kind;
Breath like fragrant breezes.
Sick and sad am I!

Every grace abode
On my best and fairest;
Mellow music flowed
From her lips the rarest.
Sick and sad am I!

In the tuneful choir,
When sweet strains were ringing,
Nought could I admire
Save my darling's singing.
Sick and sad am I!

Silent in the mould,
Thou thy sleep art taking,
Ne'er may I behold
Thee until thy waking.
Sick and sad am I!

Often did we stray
By each brae and river;
Now she rests for aye—
Motionless for ever!
Sick and sad am I!

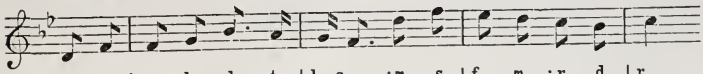
Life's bright star she shone,
Shone to cheer and guide me;
I must drift alone—
Now death's shadows hide thee.
Sick and sad am I!

Naught can ease my pain;
Now she is departed,
Why should I remain,
Sick and broken-hearted?
Sick and sad am I!

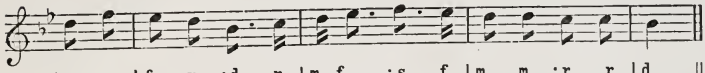
Chorus old; Gaelic verses added by "FIONN." Translation by L. MACBEAN.

15.—DEALACHADH LEANNAIN—A LOVER'S PARTING.

KEY B♭.—*Moderato.*



:m$_1$ .s$_1$ | s$_1$ .l$_1$:d .,t$_1$ | l$_1$,s$_1$.- :m .s | f .m :r .d | r
Dhealaich | mise 'nochd ri m' | leannan, Dhealaich | mi ri m' leannan | fhéin;
I have parted with my lassie, Yester eve she went a - way;



:m .s | f .m :d .,r | m,f.- :s .,f | m .m :r .r | d
Dhealaich | mise 'nochd ri m' | leannan, Mîle | beannachd as a | déigh.
Sad I parted with my lassie, Heaven's blessing with her stay.

Och mo thruaigh, cha d'fhuair mi fanachd
Leis a' chaileag 'mheal gach buaidh,
Theich an uair air sgiath na cabhaig'
'S b' fheudar dealachadh ri m' luaidh.

Ceart mar thriallas sgàil an tanaisg
No mar dhealan anns an speur,
'S ann mar sin a chaill mi sealladh
Air an ainnir 'fhuair mo spéis.

Bho'n a chuir mi fhéin ort aithne,
Bha thu beusach, banail, ciùin;
'Chaoidh cha 'n fhaic mo shùil air thalamh,
Té cho airidh air gach cliù.

Blàth-shuil chaoin a's caoile mala,
Cuailean mìn nan camag' donn;
Deud gheal, ghrinn fo bhilean tana,
Cneas mar eala bhàn nan tonn.

Cha tóid mise 'chùirt nan gallan,
Cha'n 'eil aighear dhomh fo 'n ghréin,
'S ann a bhios mo chrìdh' fo smalan
Gus an till mo leannan fhéin.

I had scarce exchanged the greeting
Of the maid I loved so well,
For the moments quickly fleeting
Made us breathe a sad "farewell."

With a vision's rapid motion,
Or like lightning in the sky,
Fled the dream of my devotion,
Leaving me to weep and sigh.

Since I knew thee, dearest maiden,
Thou wast faithful, kind, and free;
Now I'm sad and sorrow-laden,
For thy like I ne'er shall see.

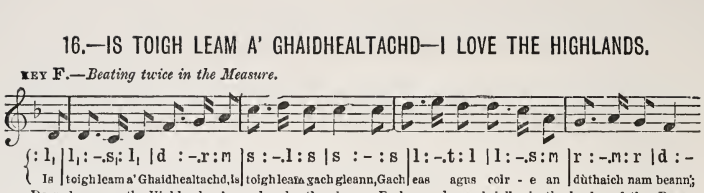
Auburn nymph, so blithe and merry,
Would that I could see thee now;
Cheeks that vie with rowan-berry,
White as snow thy gentle brow.

Nought on earth can give me pleasure,
Mirth and music cause me pain;
Never, till I see my treasure,
Shall I be myself again.

From "FIONN'S" "*Celtic Garland.*"

16.—IS TOIGH LEAM A' GHAIDHEALTACHD—I LOVE THE HIGHLANDS.

KEY F.—*Beating twice in the Measure.*



Is toigh leam 'n an deis' iad o'm mullach gu'm bonn,
Am breacan, an t-osan, an sporan 's an lann;
Is toigh leam iad sgeadaicht' an éideadh an tìr,
Ach 's suarach an deise seach seasmhachd an crìdh'.

Sheas iad an dùthaich 's gach chìs agus cāis,
Duais-bhrathaidh cha ghabhadh ged chuirt' iad gu bàs;
'S ged shàrraicht' an spoirad 's ged leigte an ceann,
Bha 'n cridhe cho daingeann ri carraig nam beann.

Is toigh leam na h-ìgh'nagan 's b' ainneamh an t-am
Nach bitheinn 'n an cuideachd 'n uair gheobhainn bhi ann,
'S na 'm faighinn-se té dhiubh a dùthaich mo chrìdh',
Gu'n siùbhlainn-se leatha gu iomall gach tìr.

Is toigh leam a' Ghàidhlig — bàrdachd 's a ceòl,
Is tric thog i nios sinn 'n uair bhiodhmaid fo leòn,
'S i dh'ionnsaich sinn trà' ann an làithean ar n-òig,
'S nach fàg sinn gu bràth gus an laidh sinn fo'n fhòid.

Nis tha dùthaich ar gaoil dol fo chaoirich's fo fhéidh,
Sinn ga'r fuadach thar sàile mar bhàrrlach gun fheum;
Ach thigeadh an cruaidh-chas, 's có sheasas an stoirm?
O, có ach na balaich le 'm boineidean gorm!

Canar an gaisge 's an domhan mu'n cuairt,
Air sgiathaibh na gaoithe ga sgaoileadh thar chuan,
'Us fhad' 's a bhios rioghachd na seasamh air fonn,
Bidh cuimhne gu dìlinn air euchdan nan sonn.

'S ma rùisgear an claidheamh a rithist gu strìth,
Ged 's ainneamh ar cuideachd, bidh trusadh 'n ar tìr;
Bidh clanna nan Gàidheal ri aghaidh gach cās,
'S iad guallainn ri guallainn, gu buaidh no gu bās.

To me, dear are they; clad from the heel to the head,
With hose and with sporan, with sword and with plaid;
Light and graceful they glide, in the Highland garb dressed—
But poor is their garb to the warmth of their breast.

They stood by their country when perils pressed hard,
And, urged to the death, scorned the traitor's reward;
Though their vexed spirits bend to oppression's rude shocks,
Yet stout are their hearts as their own mountain rocks.

And dear are the maidens, so handsome and fair;
In their smiles oft I sought to soothe sorrow and care;
With a bride by my side, from my own Highland home,
Light-hearted and free o'er the world I would roam.

And dear is the Gaelic—its music and song
Oft cheered our sad hearts, wrung by grief or by wrong;
The accents we lisped, as in childhood we strayed,
Shall ne'er be forgot till in dust we are laid.

O'er our country beloved now the red deer bound free,
While useless o'er ocean wide scattered are we;
But should battle-storms threaten, who then shall stand true?
O, then for the boys in the bonnets of blue!

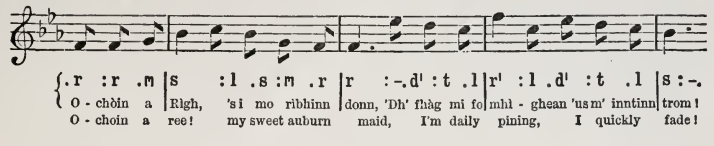
Of their might the renown shall be spread to the pole,
On the winged wind sped where the foam-billows roll;
And while o'er the earth's bosom a banner shall wave,
Remembered shall still be the deeds of the brave.

And if ever for battle unsheathed be the sword,
Though scant now the numbers our musters afford,
Still the sons of the Gael shall in danger be nigh,
And, shoulder to shoulder, shall conquer or die.

Gaelic words by JOHN CAMPBELL, Ledaig. Translation by FINDLAY MACRAE, M.A., Glasgow.

17.—AN RIBHINN ALUINN—THE CHARMING MAIDEN.

KEY E♭. *Moderato, with expression.*



Is truagh an dràsda nach robh mi 'm bhàrd
A ghleusadh clàrsach 's a sheinneadh dàn,
'S gu 'n innsinn buadhan
Na maighdinn uasail,
Mu 'bheil mo smuaintean gach oidhche 's là.

Is tric a bha mi mu luidhe gréin'
Le m' nìgheanaig àluinn fo sgàil nan geug,
Sinn ri sùgradh
Fo'n bharrach chùbhraidh,
Ach 's cianail tùrsach mi 'n diugh na déigh.

'N uair thig an Céitean do ghleann an fhraoich
Gu 'n toir e fàs air gach blàth-lus raoin,
'Us gheibh mi samhladh
An sin do m' annsachd,
Am flùran greannar a dh' fhàs cho caoin.

Mar chanach mòintich tha cneas mo luaidh,
Dearg mar chaorunn tha dreach a gruaidh,
A beus 's a nàdur
Mar neònain màlda,
No sòbhrag 'dh' fhàsas fo sgàil nam bruach.

Gur bòidheach, dualach an cuailean mìn
A th' air a' ghruagaich a bhuair mo chrìdh',
Gur binne 'còmhradh
Na guth na smeòraich;
'S tha mise brònach o'n 'dh 'fhàg i mi.

'N uair 'chì mi 'n iarmailt aig ciaradh là,
Gu'n iarr mo shùil-sa reul-ìùil an àigh,
A's grinne soillse,
'S a's caoine baoisge;
Mar sud bha 'mhaighdean a rinn mo chràdh.

Ged 'tha mo ghrian-sa a' triall fo sgleò,
'Us mise 'm bliadhna mar ian 's a' cheò,
Togaidh 'n sgàile
'S ni ise deàrsadh,
'S gu 'm faigh mi slàinte gach là ri m' bheò.

Were I a bard I would tune the lay,
And raise a song to my maiden gay;
In accents tender
Her praise I'd render;
'T would be my burthen both night and day.

How oft at gloaming we loved to stray
In yonder green-wood 'neath budding spray,
And heard the chorus
Of songsters o'er us;
But now, alas! thou art far away.

When Spring returns to the heather dell,
And flowers awake by its fairy spell,
I'll there find semblance,
And fond remembrance,
Of that sweet flowret I love so well.

Like moorland canach my love is fair,
Her cheeks like rowans when ripe and rare;
My modest daisy,
I'll ever praise thee;
To dainty primrose I'll thee compare.

Like sunbeams dancing thy ringlets play;
Thy countless charms stole my heart away;
If I were near thee
Thy voice would cheer me,—
Wilt thou be absent, sweet love, for aye?

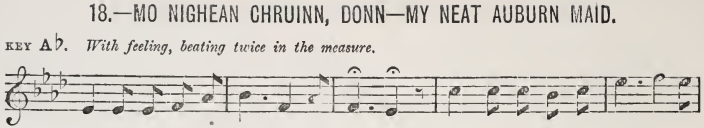
When twilight closes I view the sky;
The guiding star soon attracts my eye,
Its beams excelling,
All clouds dispelling;
Such was the Venus for whom I sigh.

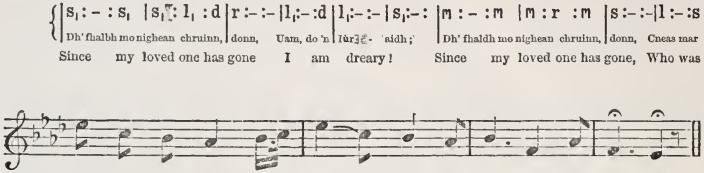
My guiding-star now is hid away,
And like a bird in a cloud I stray;
Soon reappearing,
The clouds fast clearing,
Her beams shall cheer me on life's dark way.

Gaelic Words and Translation by "FIONN." The Air is known as "*Mo Mhàirì Bhàn.*"

18.—MO NIGHEAN CHRUINN, DONN—MY NEAT AUBURN MAID.

KEY A♭. *With feeling, beating twice in the measure.*





'S truagh nach robh mi 's mo ghaol
Ann an gleann cùbhraidh;
'S truagh nach robh mi 's mo ghaol
Ri h-uisg' ann's ri gaoith;
'S fo shileadh nan craobh
Bhitheamaid sùnndach.

Nam biodh agamsa spréidh
Bhithinn glé chùirteil,
Nam biodh agamsa spréidh
Feadh bheann 'us feadh shléibh,
B' ùr a gheibhinn thu féin,
'S cha bu chéil' ùmpaidh

Ged tha thusa an dràsd'
Ann an gleann Iùraidh,
Ged tha thus' ann an tàmh,
Tha d' aigne fo phràmh,
Agus mise gun stàth,
Le do ghràdh ciùrrta.

Beir mo shoraidh le gràdh
Uam do 'n Iùraidh;
Beir mo shoraidh le gràdh
Dh' fhios na h-òigh rinn mo chràdh;
'S o'n nach math leath' mar thà
Tha i féin tiùrsach.

Cha 'n 'eil aice mar chéil'
Ach am fior ùmpaidh,
Cha 'n 'eil aice mar chéil',
Ach sean bhodach gun spéis,
'S e mar ghearran o fhéill—
Doirbh, breun, brùideil!

Were I now with my love,
Freely roaming;
Were I now with my love,
'Neath the shade of the grove,
To hear the cooing dove
In the gloaming.

Had I sheep on the hill
I might woo thee;
Had I sheep on the hill,
By each fountain and rill,
Then of thine own free will
Thou would'st choose me.

Thou art now far away
In Glen Iuray;
Thou art now far away,—
Sad by night and by day,—
While here I pine alway,
Naught can cure me!

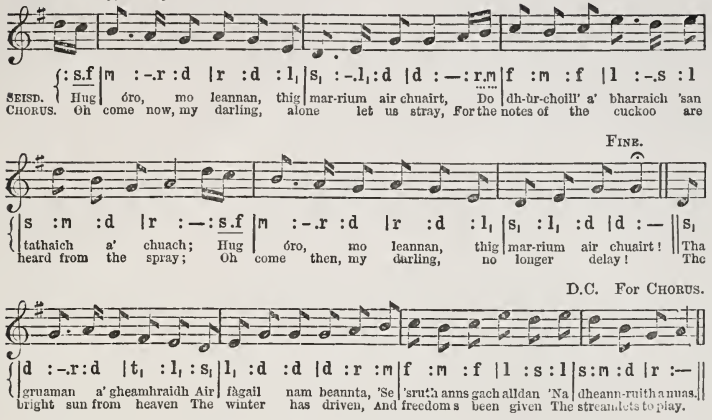
Bear my love to the maid,
Once so cheerful;
Bear my love to the maid,
Whom I'll never upbraid,
For now she's lowly laid,
Sad and tearful.

'Tis an old carl, I hear,
Wooed my maiden;
'Tis an old carl, I hear,
With his gold and his gear;
And now he's left my dear,
Sorrow-laden.

Gaelic Words old. Translation by "FIONN."

19—A' CHUAIRT-SHAMHRAIDH—THE SUMMER RAMBLE.

KEY G. *Gaily, beating twice in the measure.*



Tha aodann nan sléibhtean
A dèarsadh gu ceutach;
'S na lusana peucach
Ag éirigh le buaidh.
Hug óro, &c.

Tha samhradh an òr-chuil
A' riaghladh le mòr-chuis,
'S an saoghal ri sòlas
Gu 'n d' fhògair e 'm fuachd.

Na h-eòin's iad ri coireal
Feadh ghrianan na coille,
'S na sòbhraichean soilleir
'Cur loinn' air gach bruaich.

Tha 'ghrian feadh nan glacagan
Gormanach, fasgach,
'S gu 'm b'aoibhinn bhi leatsa,
A' dearc' air an snuadh!

'S do shnuadh féin cho greanmhor
Ri gàire an t-sambraidh
Feadh fhlùran a' dannsadh
'S na gleannta mu 'n cuairt!

O! tiugainn, a leannain,
Do choille nam meangan,
'S gu 'n ùraich sinn gealladh
'Bhi tairis gu buan.

The hills are resuming
Their beauty and blooming,
With flowers perfuming
The glad summer day.
Oh! come now, &c,

Dark winter is waning,
Bright summer is reigning,
The world is regaining
Its beauty in May.

The wild woods are ringing
With birds sweetly singing,
Where dew-drops are clinging
To flowret and spray.

The sunshine entrances
My heart when it dances,
And glimmers and glances,
Through greenwood so gay.

Though sweet be the flowers,
Refreshed by the showers,
In yonder green bowers
Thou 'rt fairer than they.

Where ring-doves are cooing
Come list to my wooing,
My love-vows renewing—
To bind me for aye.

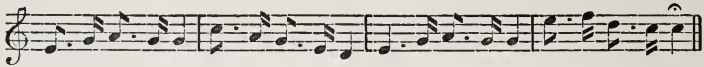
Gaelic Words by the late JAMES MUNRO. English Words by "FIONN."

This air is known as "'S i sud an deoch mhilis."

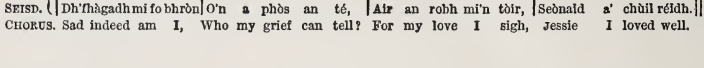
20—SEONAID A' CHUIL REIDH—JESSIE I LOVED WELL.

KEY C. *Moderato.*

FINE.



SEISD. { m .,s :l .,s :s | d' .,l :s .,m :r | m .,s :l .,s :s | m' .,f' :r' .,d' :d' ||
{ Dh'fhàgadh mi fo bhròn | O'n a phòs an té, | Air an robh mi'n tòir, | Seònaid a' chùil réidh.
CHORUS. Sad indeed am I, Who my grief can tell? For my love I sigh, Jessie I loved well.



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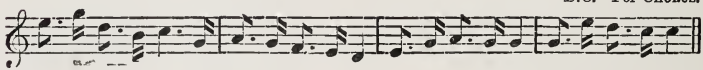
{ Chaidh mi'n dé 'na còdhail, | 'S bhòidich i bhi'm réir | "Chaoidh nan caoidh cha phòs mi, | Oigear ach thu féin."
Yester eve when roving By the river side; Jessie fondly told me, "I will be your bride."

D.C. For CHORUS.



{ m' .,s' :r' .,t :d' .,s | l .,s :f .,m :r | m .,s :l .,s :s | s .,m' :r' .,d' :d' ||
{ Ach 'n uair chaidh i dhachaidh | (Bean na gaise bréig!) | Bhris I air a bòid, | Cnòrd i ri fear spréidh.
But my faithless charmer, Ere the dawn of day, To a wealthy farmer Gave her heart away.

'S trom a dh' fhàg i m' inntinn,
'S fonn mo chrìdh' gun ghleus,
Chionn a' bheairt a rinn i,
'S nach do thoill mi beud;
Thug mi gaol mo chrìdh' dhi
'S dhìbhir i mo spéis;
Bhris i air a bòid,
'S chòrd i ri fear spréidh.

'S gòrach fear 'bheir gaol
Do mhnaoi a ta fo'n ghréin,
'S iad cho carach, luaineach
Ri gaoith-chuairt nan speur!
'S dearbh gur fior an ailis
Air mo leannan bréig'
Bhris i air a bòid
Phòs i am fear spréidh.

O, my heart is weary,
Sad and full of woe;
Now my days are dreary,
Since she used me so;
Much I loved my charmer,
But her love grew cold,
And a wealthy farmer
Bought her heart with gold.

At my fate take warning,
Bearing this in mind,—
Woman's heart is fickle,
Changeful as the wind.
Think upon my charmer.
Faithless, false, and bold,
Married to a farmer
For his land and gold.

Gaelic Words from Munroe's "FILIDH." Translation from "The CELTIC GARLAND."
The air is known as "Alasdair nan stòp."

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